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MARKET-STREET,
Royal Exchange,
MANCHESTER.

WORKS: STOCKPORT.

THOMAS & TAYLOR,
LAUNDRY AND DAIRY ENGINEERS.
SEE MARGINS.

16, 18, & 20,
CHAPEL-STREET,
SALFORD.

ESTABLISHED
116 YEARS.

KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES.

CLOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.
Gold Guards, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

DEANSGATE.
701

OUR
Patent
ECCENTRIC
COMBINED
WASHING,
WRINGING,
AND
Mangling
MACHINES

Do their work remarkably easily and efficiently.

Do not injure the most delicate fabrics, as they are entirely without internal mechanism.

May be worked by a child six years old, when loaded with two blankets or a dozen shirts.

ESTIMATES
AND
PLANS
(Free of Cost)
FOR
FITTING UP
Laundries

Complete,
EITHER FOR STEAM
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SPECIAL
ATTENTION
GIVEN TO
SHIPPING
ORDERS.

Vol. II.
No. 87.

CITY

JULY 13,
1877.

JACKDAW



OUR
Patent
ECCENTRIC
CHURN

Produces more and better butter than any other churn.

Is marvellously easy to work.

Is very easily cleaned.

Is not liable to get out of order.

AFTER A
SEVERE TRIAL
THIS CHURN

Received the Only
PRIZE

Given for large churns at the

ROYAL
SOCIETY'S
MEETING,
At Manchester.

Churns always in stock, to make from 1lb. to 440lbs. of butter.

6, Market-st.
Royal Exchange,
MANCHESTER;
16, 18, & 20,
CHAPEL-ST.,
Salford.

BREAKFAST
EPPS'S
COCOA.

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists.

LORNE
HIGHLAND WHISKEY.
THE PERFECTION OF WHISKEY,
AND
UNRIVALLED FOR TODDY.

Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROTHERS,
1 Graham Buildings, E.C.—Distilleries, Argyshire.

THOMAS ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL,
88 & 90, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

SPECTACLES CAREFULLY ADAPTED TO ALL DEFECTS OF VISION.

ARTIFICIAL EYES CAREFULLY FITTED.

Publishing Office, Market-street Chambers, 73a, Market-street, Manchester.

Price One Penny.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

TO ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS, SHOPKEEPERS,
AND OTHERS.

Athenæum Sun Lights.



A New and Patented method of fixing and ventilating Sun and other Lights with earthenware boxes, pipes, bends, &c., reducing the temperature of the air from the lights to less than one-half, as in the sheet-iron pipes of the present system. Applicable to all rooms—small or large—where gas or other lights are used; fixed to the satisfaction of the Directors of the Insurance Companies. Agents for the Hydro-carbon Gas Light.

We keep a very fine Stock of GAS FITTINGS, Fenders, Coal Vases, Gas and other Stoves, &c. All further information can be obtained at our place of business.

JOHN RIGBY & SON,
PATENTEES,
15, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

JOHN BOYD & CO.

Wholesale London, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Foreign

FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,

Have REMOVED from 17 & 19, Thomas-street, to New
and More Extensive Premises, situated

MASON-STREET, SWAN-STREET,

WHERE AN EARLY VISIT IS SOLICITED.

LLOYD, PAYNE, & AMIEL

Have the Largest Assortment of

DINING AND DRAWING ROOM CLOCKS AND BRONZES,

Suitable for Presentation.

Every Description of Jewellery, 15 & 18 carat Government Stamp.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts. Cutlery and Electro-plate,
from the very best makers.

HIGH-STREET AND THOMAS-STREET, MANCHESTER.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.

Open every day from 10 a.m.

Messrs. DANSON & SONS' Magnificent Open-air PICTURE of the VALLEY of
the MORAVA, on view every day. The Grand Spectacle of the recent

WAR IN SERBIA,

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday throughout the season, at dusk.

Military Band of the Gardens Daily from 3 p.m.

Great Zoological Collection, Pleasure Boats and Steamers on the Lakes, Mares,
Museum, Conservatories, Ferneries, &c.

Admission to the Gardens, 6d. each; 1s. each after 4 p.m.

CHESHIRE LINES.—MANCHESTER.

Opening of New Central Station adjoining the Free-trade Hall.

NEW EXPRESS TRAIN SERVICE

MANCHESTER & LIVERPOOL

IN FORTY-FIVE MINUTES.

On and after July 9, EXPRESS TRAINS will be run from both Manchester and Liverpool at intervals of an hour, from 8.30 a.m. until 7.30 p.m.; and an EXPRESS TRAIN each way at 9.30 p.m.

The following trains will also be run:—From Liverpool at 1.40 p.m. and 11 p.m. From Manchester at 11 p.m.

For intermediate service, Sunday trains, and other particulars, see time bills. First, second, and third class tickets will be issued by all trains.

FARES ON AND AFTER JULY 9, 1877.

MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL.

Single tickets.			Return tickets.		
First.	Second.	Third.	First.	Second.	Third.
2s. 6d.	1s. 6d.	1s. 3d.	4s. 6d.	2s. 6d.	2s. 3d.

MANCHESTER AND WARRINGTON.

2s. 6d.	1s. 6d.	1s. 3d.	4s. 6d.	2s. 6d.	2s. 3d.
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WARRINGTON AND LIVERPOOL.

2s. 6d.	1s. 6d.	1s. 3d.	4s. 6d.	2s. 6d.	2s. 3d.
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Central Station, Liverpool, July 4, 1877. WM. ENGLISH, Manager.

CHESHIRE LINES.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT NEWSHAM PARK, LIVERPOOL.

On SATURDAY and MONDAY, July 14 and 15, SPECIAL EXCURSION TRAINS will
leave the New Central Station, Manchester, for

LIVERPOOL,

By the New and Direct Route, as below:—

From Manchester (Central Station), 8 a.m. and 2 p.m.; Urmston, 8.10 a.m.; arriving in Liverpool (Central Station) at 9.5 a.m., and 3.5 p.m. The Return Train will leave Liverpool (Central Station), Exchange-street, at 9 p.m. each day.

Fares there and back, third class, 3s.; first class, 6s.

Returning on day of issue.

Ordinary Return Tickets are issued at MANCHESTER (Central Station) for LIVERPOOL by any Express Train, available for return from LIVERPOOL (Central Station) on day of issue, or any of six following days, at the following fares:—First class, 8s.; second class, 6s.; third class, 4s. 6d.

Omnibuses for the Agricultural Show pass close to the Central Station in Liverpool.
Central Station, Liverpool, July, 1877. WM. ENGLISH, Manager.

CHESHIRE LINES.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO LIVERPOOL,

By the New Route, for One, Two, or Three Days.

On Saturday, the 14th July, 1877, and every Saturday until further notice, CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued by the 9.25 a.m. and 3.5 p.m. trains from London-road and Oxford-road Stations. For particulars as to fares see handbills and posters.

Central Station, Liverpool, May, 1877.

WM. ENGLISH, Manager.

THE GRAND PROVINCIAL RESTAURANT

MARKET PLACE, ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER.

Is Now Open, with First-class Luncheon and Dining Accommodation for 500 Persons.

Two Tables d'Hôte daily—viz., from 1 to 2.30, as per bill of fare, served in dining saloon No. 2, 2s. 6d. per head; second Table d'Hôte, from 2.30 to 7.30, including wines, 4s. 6d. per head. Dinners à la carte throughout the day. These commanding premises, having been specially built, are provided with every convenience and comfort that experience can suggest. First-class Ladies' Accommodation.

J. LAVARGNA, Proprietor.
Ladies' Dining Room first floor.

THE "EMPIRE" HOTEL,

ADJOINING VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION, MANCHESTER.

Visitors will find above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid commercial and coffee rooms, large bar and billiard room, one of the most comfortable in Manchester. Private sitting and bed rooms en suite. Twelve fireproof and other stock rooms. Chop or steak, 1s. 6d.; and dinners from 2s., at any hour. Wines and spirits of the first quality. All charges strictly moderate. The above hotel is open at all hours of the night to receive travellers. An ordinary daily at 1.20—soup, joint, pastry, and cheese, 1s. 6d.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 87.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A LITTLE GAME AT DASHTON.

ONE of the many little contributaries by which the British Constitution in Church and State is nourished and made the awe (suppositiously) of surrounding nations was opened in our village on Saturday last, when a poll took place as to who should be assistant overseer in the place of Davy Jones, recently deceased. Dashton-on-Kedlock was alive to the occasion. The new candidates were Barnes, butcher—playfully alluded to in the placards of his opponent as "Cold Meat"—and Ball, surveyor and auctioneer—designated "Hammer and Tongues" by those pentecostal villagers of Dashton who did not intend to vote for him. Considering that there was not much money stirring the handbills were pretty numerous, Barnes having a decided pull in that department of electioneering. Carts and other vehicles bore the name of "Barnes, who was born and reared amongst us." The use of the word *rearing* gave rather the idea of a horse to Mr. Barnes; but let that pass with this simple remark, that the horse would probably rear himself, whereas Barnes would have to be coached up into position by his parents. The discrepancy is trivial, perhaps, but in a detailed narrative it should be noticed.

Some days anterior to the poll, and as a necessary preliminary to it, there had been a sort of scrimmage—by courtesy called a public meeting—at the township schools, at which the preponderance of feeling for Barnes could not be denied. The rector of Dashton, who socially and physically stands head and shoulders over everybody else, was in the chair, and opened the proceedings by expressing his conviction, as that of a person having a knowledge of both worlds, that Davy Jones was probably at that moment in Abraham's bosom. (Cheers.) The late parish clerk and assistant overseer had, said the reverend gentleman, been cut off prematurely at the untimely age of seventy-seven—fifty-five of which he had discharged most honourably the duties pertaining to the assistant overseer and parish clerkships. He had brought many people to repentance by saying "amen" during that prolonged period, and his assessments had depended very much upon the amount of rum and water dispensed by the various inhabitants of the township. The assessments had not only been queer, but, as Mr. Bell Thomas said to us, "John, they have been rummy also," at which we laughed as in duty bound. We remarked that there had been worse men than old Davy Jones. "Aye, mester, and will be wor' nor Davy!" said old Betty Hamlet; for which kindly testimony to the memory of the departed we gave old Betty a fourpenny bit on the spot, thinking that the least paid the soonest mended. It is the habit of old Betty to sew these small monetary tributes of respect into her stays overnight and rip them out again next morning, when the dew is on the rye. I am determined, you perceive, in this narrative to keep nothing back from the reading public.

During the remainder of his speech, the rector did not explain why—although the assistant overseership was to be continued—the parish clerkship was not. For ourselves, we look with apprehension upon the gradual disappearance of these honest and outspoken ecclesiastics, and believe that it forebodes no good to our beloved Church. The parish clerks were a wholesome link between the parsons and the people; they were a species of half and half, which is always in villages a grateful tittle and a pleasing lay element, as well as one not offensive to the clergy or churchwardens. A parish clerk was always more approachable than a priest. The clerk hovered around us in all the more memorable periods of our lives. With a view to two and sixpence from our godfathers

and godmothers in our baptism—in which it must be said that he was frequently disappointed—he wiped the baptismal water from our youthful noses at the font with some diaper from the vestry, and winked at the nurse, as much as to say, "Let us have the little beggar dry and comfortable." When we approached the altar for better or worse later on in life, leading thereto a lamb of the female gender, who has since, we are happy to say, developed into substantial mutton, the parish clerk busied himself with that operation also, and fired little responses at the bridesmaids as showing them what they would come to all in good time if they did their duty in that state of life, etcetera. But it is at the last stage of all that the parish clerk was always at his best. Show him an expensive funeral, and he was ever more than equal to the occasion. The entire-horses from Flanders, who horsed the hearse, turned the whites of their eyes on Davy, as much as to say, "All flesh is grass, though not so palatable and nutritious; let us make hay, Davy, while the sun shines!" The undertaker, who would be in pocket by the transaction to the tune of a hundred and fifty at the least, and who showed his consideration for the widow and children by not giving the horses a feed of crape as well as corn, spoke in whispers to Davy, and inquired after Mrs. Jones from a sepulchre inside the small of his back.

But why go on? We are forgetting Barnes and Ball, and all the excitement at Dashton on the election day. The sun shone brightly on the fresh green foliage as we wended our way to the polling-booth. Nature smiled on the operation all over her face, and we were told that events had taken a blue turn and a Church turn, and that the parish was sound at the core. Quite late on in the proceedings it came to be whispered that Ball was a Dissenter, and that if the late King Charles the First were ready to his hand he (Ball) would chop his Majesty's head off. Several of the more brick and mortared parishioners favoured this idea as derived from English history, of which they were diligent students, as well as from a personal inspection of Mr. Ball, whose features denoted a scarcely concealed posthumous regicide. Still later on in the proceedings the contest became one between country and town, and the rector impartially headed the former and shouldered the latter, Barnes winning easily; so that when next the hat goes round for what are called "Church purposes" the people who came from the town into the country will most probably say to the country, "Contributions in money without any power are not at all to our minds; they are not, indeed. If you want to patronise people who are born and reared (on their hind legs) amongst you, patronise them exclusively when you are begging, you beggars!"

A TRAVELLING J.P.

WE have been requested to state that Mr. W. Aronsberg, J.P., was not able to attend the city police court last Friday in his official capacity, owing to circumstances best explained in the following advertisement, which we cut from the *Cheshire County News*, and for the insertion of which we make no charge:—

W. Aronsberg, optician to the Royal Eye Hospital, has made it his especial study to adapt spectacles and eye-glasses so as to remedy, or as far as possible completely remove, the inconveniences which arise from defective sight.—12, Victoria Street, Manchester. Mr. A. will attend at Mr. Brammall's, chemist, Bridge Street, Stockport, every first Friday in the month, from eleven till four o'clock, with an extensive assortment of spectacles and eye-glasses for the accommodation of those who cannot conveniently visit his establishment in Manchester.

E. Jamieson & Co., Fashionable Tailors, Clearance Sale { Preparatory to Removing to 144, New Premises, } Genuine Reduction. 275, Chapel St., Salford.
501 and 503, CHAPEL STREET.

THE COFFEE TAVERN HUMBUG.

Nearly three years ago our esteemed contributor, Hal-o'-the-Wynd, wrote as follows in a kindly article on the Bishop of Manchester:—

As a chairman or leading speaker at public meetings his lordship is in much request, and has sustained for four years the position in Manchester of leading favourite; yet on rational grounds I am unable to tell why. He is ever a dangerous and uncertain prophet. Not unfrequently he reverses Balaam's practice, and discredits schemes which he has been called upon to bless, etc. (with instances).

This did not appear in the *Jackdaw*, which was not then in existence, but in a journal which may, for aught we know, still exist, though it is no longer under our auspices. Be that as it may, Hal-o'-the-Wynd's estimate of the Bishop's character was a very shrewd one, as proof of which the following extract from a report of the Bishop's speech at the opening of a "coffee tavern" will serve:—

He was not at all anxious to see a number of tentative efforts made in all directions to improve the habits of the people, as he was afraid they dissipated their energies by such means; he would prefer to see a little more persistency in the way which experience has proved was the right way. He did not know any better cause than that which tended in some degree to check the stream of intemperance, such as a movement like this did. He knew it would be said that this was only tinkering with the great evil of drunkenness, and he granted that such was the case, but, etc.

Now, it must not be thought that we disagree with his lordship; so far from that, his remarks, though they could not have been very palatable to the persons assembled on that occasion as throwing cold water on the whole undertaking, are eminently sensible. The thing is tinkering, and we will go a step further and say that the thing is humbug—arrant humbug. We wish no ill to the scheme, because no doubt it is a well meaning one; but we cannot help speaking this much ill of it. The avowed objects of the promoters are to check intemperance, though it was stated at the meeting that another object was to obtain a profit on the money invested. We sincerely hope that these people may be able to get a profit out of the sale of tea, coffee, "all other temperance drinks," pork-pies, sandwiches, biscuits, and billiards. We should not like to hear that people had embarked their money on a well-intentioned undertaking and lost it. It is with regard to the broad question of the "checking of intemperance" and the good of the people that we regard the thing as a humbug. It is supposed that people will flock in crowds to drink coffee, tea, and "other temperance drinks," and to eat pies and sandwiches, and even to play billiards and dominoes. It is possible that they may. A new supply may create a new demand, but neither experience nor political economy point to a necessity. Persons who are in the habit of consuming too much alcohol will not accept coffee and "teetotal drinks" as a substitute, even with indigestible food thrown in "at moderate prices." The reason why people drink a lot of alcoholic drink is because of the nature and effect of the drink. They do not drink because they are thirsty. Other methods than this, of providing "teetotal drinks" and unwholesome pies, etc., must be found for dealing with intemperance. There is no doubt in our mind that were the habit to be fostered of swallowing "teetotal drinks" in the same quantities in which the other drinks are unhappily taken, equally bad results would follow with those of the use of alcohol. It may be said that no one in his right senses would "blow himself out" with excessive draughts of coffee, or of the abominations called "teetotal drinks," and that thus moderation would be taught. But why not teach or compel moderation in what is already used, instead of introducing another thing which of its nature does not admit of excess? This is what the Bishop of Manchester meant by "tinkering," and all tinkering with mighty matters ends in failure. The very persons who throw their energies into this puny and ridiculous effort at removing a national abuse, shrink altogether from measures which would deal broadly and effectually with the enemy. Let us by all means recognise the crying evil of national drunkenness; but let us not fold our hands and hope to

vanquish it by offering to the people coffee and wishwash and pies and sandwiches and billiards. If people will drink beer and spirits, in the first place, we might see that these were not rendered poisonous by adulteration. We might see that they were sold as they are on the Continent, under circumstances which do not encourage drunkenness, but actually discourage it. We might restrict the traffic, or even prohibit it altogether. We might look to the home comforts of the classes who are given to drinking. Any remedy would be better than this absurd institution of coffee taverns. As long, too, as the selfish interests involved are allowed to over-ride the welfare of the whole country, no remedies whatever will be of any avail—least of all, slops and pork-pies. As long as it is considered well that the revenues should be increased, and the pockets of private citizens filled by the fact of misery being brought on thousands, we are quite justified in describing the coffee tavern as a bit of humbug, however good may be the intentions of the founders.

RITUALISTS ON THEIR DEFENCE.

TWO priests of the Church of England—namely, the Rev. Knox-Little, of St. Alban's, and the Rev. Dr. Marshall, of St. John the Baptist's—dealt in their sermons on Sunday last with the scandal which has been raised by the proceedings of the Ritualists. Both of these gentlemen were, of course, on the defensive. Dr. Marshall dealt with the subject with a frankness which may almost be called brutal. He admitted that he and two other priests connected with his parish belonged to the Society of the Holy Cross, and he seemed to glory in the fact; and the chief tenor of his further remarks may be condensed into this—that the thing concerned the consciences of individual priests alone, and that laymen, bishops, and archbishops had better mind their own business. The utterances of Mr. Knox-Little demand more attention, because they are characterised by far more subtlety, ability, and, we will add, apparent earnestness than those of his brother priest and conspirator. Mr. Knox-Little professes himself deeply grieved at the "calumnies" which have been hurled at the members of the Society of the Holy Cross. He asserts that he has never seen the nasty book which has been the cause of such a clamour, but in common with Dr. Marshall and others, he repudiates it as "silly and unwise." He intends to continue the practice of confession, which he openly vindicates, and offers to resign his living if any of his people think his teaching poisonous or corrupt. Further, Mr. Knox-Little argues, according to the newspaper report, as follows: "But what was this that he found brought against the priests of the Church? They were told that they were hypocrites, defilers, and corruptors of society! The priests of the Church corruptors of society! Were not thousands of young persons allowed to go to theatres, at which the taste of the public compelled the managers to produce spectacles at which any decent face should blush? The priests corruptors of society! Did not the public newspapers—valuable as was the service they performed generally—frequently contain details of matters which a father dare not allow his household to see? The priests corruptors of society! What about the loads of poisonous literature sold at bookstalls and railway stations—literature which he should be ashamed to touch with his fingers? Argument of this sort may come effectively enough from the pulpit, and it has doubtless been unavoidably marred in the condensation, but it is after all worthless casuistry. No one would enter into a discussion of this question on the supposition that there is no such thing as impurity outside the practices of the priesthood. What we say is that these practices tend infallibly to foster impurity, and that though impurity has many instruments in the outside world, we might at least expect to find it excluded from the Church. "It must needs be that offences come, but woe be to him through whom they come!" The persons through whom they come are, in this instance, ordained ministers of the Gospel. No right-minded man again would assert that any clergyman, or Mr. Knox-Little in particular, goes to work with the special object of working

moral mischief. What we say is this—that the mischief springs infallibly from the confessional, and we are justified in holding the priest as indirectly responsible, whatever may be his motive in using the confessional. In the second little "manual"—that for children—alluded to by the Archbishop of Canterbury, it is laid down that where a child of six years old is unable by reason of ignorance or inexperience to "confess" in the proper manner, the priest should gently suggest to the child (we suppose) the necessary details, as in the following extract:—

From not understanding the heart of the priest, who loves his penitents, who has compassion upon their weakness and faults, who does not scold, but comforts them, and is in the habit of hearing the avowal of great sins. Do not be afraid, then, my dear child, but tell all your sins, without hiding one, or diminishing their number or greatness. You may urge, "I don't know how to tell what I have done; it is so bad." Well, then, say this to your confessor—"I have done very bad things, but I don't know how to tell," and he will kindly help you—he will question you.

No casuistry or eloquence of defence will ever justify to lay minds the evident tendency of such advice as this. Messrs. Knox-Little and Marshall and the rest may, if they please, repudiate the books, but for the minds of laymen the issue is a very clear one. If the bishops and archbishops cannot interfere to put a stop to this loathsome scandal in the Church, if they cannot employ some stronger weapon than words and remonstrances, laymen will be justified, as we said a few weeks ago, in taking the law into their own hands in suspiciously watching the priests who employ the confessional, and kicking them out of doors when discovered. The use of strong language and vigorous action seem to us to be the only satisfactory method of meeting the casuistry of the priests. The difficulty is, of course, increased in many cases, as in that of the Rev. Knox-Little, by the fact that we know those concerned to be thoroughly conscientious according to their lights, and to be high-minded and honourable, except in this one perversity. This one perversity, however, damns them. We will have no dealings either with the confessional or those who use it.

A GROWL FROM A CABBY.

THE Mayor of Salford sends us the following copy of a letter received by the Pendleton Highways Committee:—

July 3 1877

Sir—I Think it is high time They was something Done to stop hargling out cloths in The street i had a Fare to go at The Top of Irwell view in horseall lane and The street was Full of cloths Line and They would not hold Them nor any Thing they said i had no rite up The Street of cowree we had a quarrel and seme very strung words i said i shold inform of it and They towld Me to go To Hele wat do you Think abewt it if you Put Bills owt wy do you not Enforce The rules and sot sem one to look after it—yours Respectfuley

POOR CABBEY

LANCASHIRE v. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

THE dubious anticipations with which a good many Lancashire partisans have been looking forward to this return match were not altogether quieted by the first innings of the home team on Thursday, which, though a respectable one, afforded no presage of victory. This innings was remarkable chiefly for the early collapse through bad luck of Hornby, the good betting of Royle and Chadwick, and the deadly bowling of Morley and Barnes. Mr. Royle especially distinguished himself during the whole match, displaying qualifications as a batsman higher even than those for which he has had credit. In the field he was of course the observed of all observers—the spectators, by-the-by, being in larger numbers than they have ever been before at an Old Trafford match. The first innings of Nottingham began very slowly, with Daft and Oseroft at the wickets. The former received the usual hearty cheer on his appearance. He proved to be in excellent form, showing that masterly defence and accurate judgment which render his cricket such a treat for

the initiated to witness. Runs, however, came very slowly. Daft's plan of the campaign being apparently to tire out the only two Lancashire bowlers—tactics by which he has more than once led his county to victory. It is needless to say that those numerous spectators who only knew Daft's cricket by reputation were not treated to that display of hard hitting which is so attractive to the general public. This batsman's forte does not lie in that direction, but chiefly in a patient keeping up of his wicket, varied by an occasional run, which is apt to become rather wearisome except for a few enthusiasts. Lancashire had, as has been said, only two bowlers—a mistake, or at best a regrettable accident—and it is more than probable that had it not been for a ludicrous incident, to which we shall come presently, the Nottingham men might have at least pulled off a victory on the first innings. Very early the splendid wicket-keeping of Mr. Jackson began to have its result. Oseroft was dismissed by a snap catch from the hard bowling of M'Intyre, which created a sensation round the ground. This gentleman's wicket-keeping may with justice be described as superb; the longstop having almost a sinecure, and the batsmen being kept on their mettle both by dire example of what had happened to others and by nervousness as to their own possible fate with such a man behind them. When Daft had made nineteen—not, however, without giving a chance to Mr. Hornby, who unaccountably missed it—one of the spectators, wearing a tall hat, who seemed to think that the squire he had paid gave him the right of interviewing the umpire, walked across the field for the purpose of asking that functionary "what time the stumps would be drawn." This personage became, of course, like the dog on the racecourse, "the cynosure of all eyes," and M'Intyre deeming this a fit occasion to bowl, the result was that the ball ran up Daft's bat, and was easily caught by Mr. Jackson. The Notts captain walked away in some dudgeon, protesting against this ridiculous termination to what had promised to be a brilliant innings; but protest of course was useless, for the laws of cricket are as those of the Medes. This practically terminated the day's play. On the Friday morning, between the showers, the rest of the team were easily got rid of, the score being only sixty-eight, as against 117 for Lancashire. Lancashire's second innings was an improvement on the first, Hornby and Barlow both coming off, and Royle again making a big score, the top score of the whole match (fifty-eight). Nottingham brought out a new bowler in the person of "Mr. Cursbam," their only amateur, who did pretty well with the ball as well as the bat. With the large total of 368 against them, Nottinghamshire went in after lunch on Saturday, and it was pretty evident that they could hardly win, though they might possibly make a draw of it. However, the bowling of M'Intyre and Watson was more on the spot than ever, and the ground being also in their favour the cricket was very slow. Oseroft was again almost immediately snapped by Jackson just as he was in the first innings. Wild attempted to make a stand, but his broken finger of last year seemed to afford the fast bowler an advantage. Daft's middle stump was bowled by Watson when the batsman had made a careful twenty-six, and then it was all up. The rest of the innings requires no comment. We cannot conclude without reference to the remarkable bowling of Watson, which culminated in the derangement of Daft's stumps. This was the first wicket on the Nottingham side which was bowled in either innings, but this triumph, apart the analysis, tells its own tale. On the whole this was a very interesting match, and though luck was decidedly on the Lancashire side they played good all-round cricket, as many thousands of spectators will acknowledge.

NEW READING OF THE TITLE J.P.—Journal Philanthropist.

QUESTION for Mr. R. D. Rusden, and others: Where is the "Junior Reform Club"? It is now more than six months old.

It was rather witty of the *Courier* to advise the Bishop of Manchester to use the telephone. The Bishop is already inquiring where one can be purchased, second hand.

LAIRITZ'S FIR WOOL OIL.—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER testifies to its great efficacy. PHILADELPHIA and Eight other Prime Medals awarded. Certain cure for Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 37, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1½d. upwards.



AMUSEMENTS.

ALEXANDRA HALL, Peter-street, Manchester.—LAST NIGHTS of the Wondrous Jackey Family, Mr. Frank Egerton, etc. MONDAY NEXT, Mr. Mark Albert, Mr. Alf Walker, the wondrous demon head fix, Mr. Tom Melbourne, Miss Nelly Harrington, Messrs. Huguenon and Clancy, Miss Nelly Melville, Sisters Schofield. Prices, 6d. and 1s. Opens at 7.

Will Close on the 17th July. Admission, 6d. on the Two Last Days.

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"A ROYAL GARDEN PARTY AT CHISWICK."

This Great PICTURE, 16ft. by 7ft. by Chevalier DESANGES, NOW ON VIEW.

More than 300 PORTRAITS of the Royal Family, Aristocracy, and Notabilities of England.

Admission, One Shilling, daily, from 10 to 6.

Entrance in George-street.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

WHAT when the Rev. Father Marshall said that he never admitted wives to confession without the consent of their husbands, he omitted to say that most of the gentlemen in his congregation were widowers—in search of widows for their second wives.

That if Father Marshall would only confess himself occasionally, his offence wouldn't be so bad.

That before the Bishop makes another statement in reference to his clergy having no connection with the Society of the Holy Brotherhood, he intends to wait to hear what the Rev. Knox-Little and Father Marshall have to say on the subject.

That the Bishop of Salford is seriously thinking of throwing up his living, as his vocation and that of his priests have passed into other hands.

That Father Gadd is in sore tribulation at the aspect of religious matters, as he doesn't see how he can accommodate Father Marshall and the Rev. Knox-Little with livings if they leave the Church of England.

That a Colorado beetle was seen in the Mayor's Parlour, in the new Town Hall, a day or two ago.

That it is supposed to have been brought over by General Grant.

That the subject furnishes a rare opportunity for the Bishop to talk about next Sunday.

That Mr. Maclure excused himself and his fellow Manchester Conservatives, on presenting an address to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the ground that business was flat, and they had nothing else to do.

THE CHESHIRE LINES.—By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that special excursion trains, at reduced rates, will run over these lines for Liverpool, in connection with the Royal Agricultural Show, on Saturday and Monday.

WAITING TO BE WOED!

AFTER Messrs. Maclure, Birley, and Co., had presented an address to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Wednesday, they adjourned, with the view to kill two birds with one stone, to the residence of Mr. F. S. Powell, and presented him also with an address. The occasion was unique, as the Conservative candidate for Manchester at any rate had deserted his colours. That seems to be a matter of no moment. For the good of posterity, we quote an extract from Mr. Birley's speech. "There were, however, many constituencies where Mr. Powell was locally known, and he sincerely hoped that at the next election, or perhaps before that time, Mr. Powell would be returned by a constituency who knew his worth and merit." For fear Mr. Powell should forget these honoured constituencies who have claims upon him, we subjoin an extract from the *Jackdaw* of February of last year:—

Cambridge	Scratched.
Wigan	Defeated.
Stalybridge	Defeated.
North-west Yorkshire	Defeated.
Manchester	Defeated.
Heaven only knows the next place!	Defeated.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.

A specimen has been captured in Dublin.—*Vide daily papers.*

LITTLE "Decemlineata Doryphora,"
Stranger adventurous, welcome at last!
One would have thought such a journey too stiff for a
Thing with proportions so slenderly cast.
Hard was the journey accomplished so pluckily,
I can afford to admire, if I choose;
What do I care for your ravages—luckily
I haven't got a potato to lose!

Plucky "Decemlineata Doryphora,"
Which of the beetles with you can compare?
Briefly, you are a phenomenon—if for a
Name as a natural wonder you care;
But if in search of more food your invasion is,
Hoping you thus may your vigour recruit,
Probably you will be sold—my persuasion is
That you will find that the climate won't suit.

* Specific name: "The spear-bearer with ten stripes."

ON THE BRINK OF WAR.

THE incapacity of benighted foreigners to understand the institutions of a free country has been largely cited as accounting for the present action of Russia in relation to the Eastern Question. It has been urged, and possibly with truth, that Russia has been encouraged in her designs (whatever they may be) by the evident reluctance to going to war with her in this quarrel which has been exhibited by a large section of Englishmen. This is, of course, ignorance of the grossest type, and it springs from the fact that the Russians, accustomed to a despotic form of government, cannot help over-rating the blessings which flow from government by parliamentary majority. We have so long been boasting in the ears of foreign nations about the sovereign will of the people, and the absolute control which the people enjoy over the course of legislation, that any little misunderstandings of this sort are quite pardonable. Our institutions are, in fact, so thoroughly insular and peculiar that foreigners know next to nothing about them. In dealing, therefore, with the Russians, the Government in power have a tremendous advantage. The Russian genius, for instance, is not subtle enough to comprehend that Englishmen may be, and are, often committed to courses of action which, however much previously deprecated, they would think it shame to repudiate. Especially is this the case with regard to war. Hardly any war which was ever waged by England was unpopular while it lasted. Many of these have been unjust, many inexpedient, and several more or less disastrous, but they have been all popular. This trait of our countrymen gives to Ministers, who are clever enough to take advantage of it, an immense bulwark of strength. There is no doubt that an open declaration of the intention to go to war in support of Turkey would raise a clamour

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throughout the land not to be withstood; but the sending of the Fleet to Besika Bay may be adroitly construed as meaning nothing. By-and-by other "meaningless" measures will be taken if necessary, and we shall wake up one morning to find that we must go to war to vindicate our own honour. We shall all be enthusiastic about it of course, and wish well to our gallant troops; there will be no more grumbling, the prognostications of the *Daily Telegraph* will be realised, and the country with one voice will support the Ministry. And yet at present we do not wish to go to war, most of us, and do not even see the necessity for it! Can it be wondered at that foreigners should misunderstand such subtleties of national character as these? They do not live under free institutions. The individual will of the ruler declares war or peace for the people, who have absolutely no voice in the matter. However, that we are on the brink of war with Russia no observer of the situation can doubt. The Russians are determined to do a certain thing, which, in the nostrils of Earl Beaconsfield, is an offence; the protest against war should come, if it is to come at all, before we are committed to it. As it is, probably the time for protest is past. The British Fleet is in Besika Bay, and its withdrawal now would "compromise the national honour;" to let it remain there inactive would be to do the same thing. It is evident that however alien may be Lord Beaconsfield's ideas, he knows the temper of our countrymen only too well.

EXTRACTS FROM A SUB-EDITOR'S DIARY.

MONDAY, May —. War news unintelligible; names undecipherable.

Mr. Aronsberg called with paragraph for insertion.

Wednesday, May —. Parliament late. Full moon; no lamps; nearly broke my neck going home.

Friday, June —. War news worse than ever. Mr. Aronsberg called with paragraph about presentation at Court.

Tuesday, June —. Russian atrocities. Mr. Aronsberg called to ask if paragraph would be inserted about his elevation to the bench.

Thursday, July —. "Priest in Absolution."

(To be continued.)

OPEN CONFESSION IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL.

SCENE—The Manchester Cathedral. The Dean and the Rev. KNOX-LITTLE at confession.

The Dean. Well, Little, open your mind to me like a man, and tell me all about it.

Knox-Little. Yes, father.

The Dean. Or if you prefer it, as it is the legitimate mode, I'll put questions to you. Now, make a clean breast of it; the Bishop says he won't persecute you. Under the circumstances, what do you intend to do?

Knox-Little. Well, father, there I am somewhat at sea. As you know, I am honest, but I shudder to think that the effects of my Ritualism fall not upon myself, but upon this charitable Bishop.

The Dean. But his back is broad, and he can bear it.

Knox-Little. True, father; but why should a man do that which his Bishop disapproves, and the Church backs him up in, and yet remain in the Church?

The Dean. Well, you know, he says he will not persecute you.

Knox-Little. Yes, but that means he will submit to persecution himself; that makes him the martyr.

The Dean. Well, what do you propose to do?

Knox-Little. I think I'll resign.

The Dean. Oh, lord! that would never do.

Knox-Little. It's what all honest men would do. What's my living here?—a few paltry hundreds a year. And if I had a church in Manchester, of course called Church of England, why, I could draw the best congregation in Lancashire.

The Dean. I believe it; but you are too honest and too bold. Why don't you wait? The Church of England is passing through a crisis. It may be one thing or it may be the other in a short time. You may have the offer of the first dignity in the land—if you'll only wait. Just see when I came to the Cathedral here what a row there was. Choir, organist, headles, and everybody against me. Now see the altar—candles, flowers,

etc. Wait! wait! If the Bishop and you are both determined to give up your livings, why don't you toss up who shall do it first? It would simplify matters considerably if he was out of the way. The least, however, you say about the confessional at present the better.

Knox-Little. It goes against the grain, but I suppose I must wear the yoke a little longer.

The Dean. Mortify the flesh, my son, mortify the flesh; if fasting won't do, try sackcloth and ashes.

THE EASTWARD POSITION.

IT seems that a clergyman, standing at the end of a long chancel, may, if he chooses, turn his back upon the congregation; but if he does so, his hands, which are to be employed in conjunction with each other, and not on any account to be raised above the head, must be seen by all. Under these circumstances it is difficult to realise the position of the minister himself; but the position of affairs may be expressed as follows:

THE Eastward turning priests are right, or wrong, as people view them; The question is, can people see, or can they not see, through them?

THE TOWN HALL MURAL PAINTINGS.

SOMEWHAT interesting controversy is now going on in the *Guardian* on the subject of the mural paintings for the Town Hall. Several correspondents urge that subjects of a classic and antique type should not be adopted, but that the pictorial decorations ought to represent the life of the people who built the hall. We are rather disposed to adopt this view, especially as there are so many characteristics of Manchester life the perpetuation of which undoubtedly would give an overwhelming amount of gratification to our successors. For instance, the glorious use of the clog in Lancashire as a weapon of war might be handled with stirring effect; domestic unhappiness in many Lancashire homes could be exemplified by a representation of the equal relations between a man and his wife—he uses the poker, and she uses the tongues to settle, amicably of course, their quarrels. The town and trade of Manchester and district might be beautifully typified by a design showing the over-sizing of cotton goods—for the benefit of humanity abroad, and the pockets of dealers at home. The purity of our morals in trade, too, could be demonstrated by a scene, in which the public analyst might be strung up by the neck, with a signboard below him bearing the sign, "Adulteration is the rule of trade." We fling out these few suggestions, and hope they will be acted on. But the subject is capable of more extensive treatment. The "majesty of the law" would form a brilliant theme for an artist, and the portrait of our latest "J.P." dispensing justice one day and tramping to Stockport the next, with a hundred grogs of spectacles on his back, would be truly edifying to forthcoming generations. Indeed, we could almost fancy a Manchester man two thousand years hence excavating this charming picture, and turning up his nose at the humility of our celebrated men. Then, again, a magnificent subject might be furnished by the present position of the Bishop of Manchester towards his clergy, as illustrating the peace and goodwill, to say nothing of the charity, which exists amongst us. Here is the Bishop saying, "I'll rather give up my see than persecute any of my clergy;" and here is the Rev. Knox-Little, equally manly, exclaiming, "I'll resign my living sooner than give up confession." Truly this is a subject which would make the gods weep, to say nothing of the future generation of Lancashire men and women—whose religious views, thank Heaven! will not, however, be cramped by any connection with a State church. Then, again, the literary side of the men who built the Manchester Town Hall might be dealt with. Manchester has never yet produced anything startling in the way of letters, but just to let posterity see that even now our city had developed a tendency in that direction, the moving lights of the Literary Club, with their president shaking in his arm-chair with suppressed laughter, with a long pipe and a pint of porter before him, might be delineated in meeting assembled, and a copy of the list of their literary productions might be painted below, so that the world might see to what an awful extent it was indebted to us for some of the rarest productions of the age. This picture might be painted by most members of the Literary Club, as more of them handle the brush than the pen.

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. each.

AN ORGAN RECITAL.

[BY A BACHELOR.]

NOWADAYS, whenever a church organ breaks down, and it requires some repairing, however little, the church authorities must have a grand re-opening. This was the case at the church I attend. One of the petals gave way, or something of that sort, and we had (or they had, for I do not include myself) to sing without the organ for two Sundays. On the second Sunday came the announcement (which I had expected) that there was to be a grand re-opening, and Dearden Graham, Esq., of Irvine, would give a recital on the organ on the succeeding Thursday—tickets, sixpence and one shilling. Well, I was pestered until I at last, to get rid of my tormentors, invested sixpence on a ticket. I did get some peace then for a time. On the Thursday at the proper hour I made my appearance at the church doors, and was immediately hailed by two worthy gentlemen—the superintendent and the deacon. Hardly half a dozen words had passed when two ladies came smiling up, and asked me if I had got a ticket. "Oh, yes," I said, and showed it to them. "Why, surely you do not mean to sit in the gallery?" they exclaimed on looking at it. Pooh! they would not hear of such a thing. Positively I must change it for a shilling ticket. I gave in with a sigh, and left the ladies triumphant in possession of the field. I went in with a sinking of the heart and an inner consciousness that I should not be left at peace for many minutes. This turned out to be really so, for hardly had I sat down when one of the aforesaid ladies came to the pew I was sitting in, and asked me if I would have a programme, bringing one in her hand. Successfully suppressing a groan at her appearance, I took the programme, but she showed no signs of departing (by-the-way, I should have mentioned that she was an old maid), and kept talking until it was time for commencement. Then, of course, she could not go for fear of disturbing the meeting, so she said she would stay where she was. Of course, I was obliged to ask her to stay where she was when she said this—it was only polite, you know.

I am not a musician, but as soon as I looked at the programme I could tell that it would be extremely interesting, and that a great treat was in store. Firstly, there was to be an andante. As if that was not enough for a commencement, there was to be a fugue along with it. Evidently, thought I, they mean to give us our money's worth. Why, the fugue and the andante alone ought to be worth a shilling. But when I looked lower down on the list, and saw that there was next to be an allegro, and then a paraphrase, and then another fugue, why, I could hardly believe but that my vision played me false. For a moment I contemplated rising, and personally thanking the promoters of this recital. How they could do it at the price is more than I can comprehend. But second thoughts prevailed, and I sat still in my seat. Dearden Graham, Esq., began about five minutes after time with, I believe, the andante. Hardly had he done so when some one, to my great relief, came for the lady who had invaded my seat. I breathed freely again, and listened attentively to the playing. But my attention was again distracted by two more ladies (old maids again) coming in the pew directly in front. Now, I had just got comfortably seated in one corner, where I had a nice view of Dearden Graham, Esq. Would you believe it, the ladies chose such a position as to obstruct my vision, and left nothing to look at but their chignons! Hardly was I settled down again to hear him when another lady came in the pew behind, and was bustling about, to my intense misery, during the entire playing of the andante, which lasted about a quarter of an hour. A pause of about two minutes, and then the fugue (at least, I believe so) began. Now, I expected something great from this—the name sufficiently indicated that it was something uncommon. Hardly, however, had it got fairly under weigh when in one of the softest parts, when the quietness was intense, a lad bawled out, "Programmes, a penny each!" What a pleasant awakener this was, to be sure! However, as everybody shouted "Hush!" and the lad disappeared, I settled

quietly down again, and really enjoyed the playing for a time. But after awhile it grew rather monotonous, and somehow, I hardly know why, I began to feel rather sleepy. My pew was cushioned, and—really, I felt very comfortable. I thought I might hear better if I changed my position, so I put my legs on the cushions, and as I can always listen best with my eyes shut, why, I closed my eyes. Now, I am sure you can hardly believe it, but some people, I will not mention names, have had the audacity to declare that I went to sleep. Of course, this is an absurd falsehood. The fact is, I was so wrapt up in attention to the strains of music that for the time I forgot everything and everybody, and this gave rise to the absurdity. To show how great was my attention to Dearden Graham, Esq.'s playing, I may mention that I do not remember any pauses between the allegro and the paraphrase, and the latter and the fugue No. 2. However, I at once remembered myself when I heard the strains of the Old Hundred sung, or rather drawled, by all present, and stood up like the rest. I was rather surprised to find the performance concluded, and still more so when I found that it was nearly ten o'clock; but this only shows what great attention I can devote to a musical entertainment.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BABIES.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

Mr. Charles Darwin contributes to the July number of the *Mind*, a quarterly review of psychology and philosophy, the substance of a diary which he kept thirty-seven years ago with respect to one of his infants.

I was an infant in a bed,
Its head was bald, its hue was red;
It was an interesting sight
To me, a philosophic wight.

I do not know why babes are red,
And have no hair upon their head;
Enough to know that all of us
As infants were developed thus.

But one reflection comes to me—
How would a negro infant be?
Alas for this conjecture wild!
I never saw a negro child.

For as my English boy grew bigger
He turned to white, the baby nigger
Becomes as black as any coal,
A puzzler this, upon the whole.

I really much should like to know
The way these little niggers grow,
What colour they are born, and whether
Their heads are hairless altogether.

In time they have a bounteous crop
Of wool upon their skull—but stop,
For these are useless speculations,
My baby claims my observations.

First seven days: The parent pleased
Could little note; the infant sneezed,
Yawned, hiccupped, stretched, and also seemed
To find his voice—in fact, he screamed.

The scientific name we'll pick up
For yawn and stretch and sneeze and hiccup;
These early embryo transactions
Are called in science "reflex actions."

Of course, he took to sucking—that
Appeared to come to him quite pat,
Like screaming; I was greatly struck
By how he learnt to scream and suck.

Next seven days: There were improvements,
For he developed "reflex movements,"
The chief of which, since words we're picking,
Are clenching of the fists and kicking.

A piece of paper this to show
I took, and with it touched his toe;
He gave a sort of jerk and twist,
Which showed that feeling must exist.

But now I warn you, should you please
To try experiments like these,
Or any like them, best rehearse
In absence of the monthly nurse.

That nurse will stop your little games,
And call you brute, and other names,
And then your wife with all her heart
Is sure to take the nurse's part.

Experiments for human good
Are not by females understood;
"You shall not touch the child," they cry,
And "bother your philosophy!"

But let them cry; you'll now have found
At least one axiom which is sound,
Which is that infants' actions vary,
But are not chiefly voluntary.

'Tis clear an infant could not know
The motive why you treat it so;
Its mind is undeveloped, hence
It kicks from inexperience.

Of infants ways a lover, I
Have made this wise discovery,
And this is something; more anon
You still may learn if you'll read on.

Of "reflex actions," if the charms
You'd learn, take "baby" in your arms,
And say, "You precious little pet, you"—
That is, of course, if they will let you.

At trifles you should never stick,
Perhaps that baby will be sick,
Just say, "This true a mess I am in,
But science calls me to examine."

It is an interesting fact
That little infants thus should act;
The little darling's reflex action
Will thus afford you satisfaction.

While you are rapt in meditation
You'll quite forget the situation,
On scientific thoughts inclined
You speculate on "baby's" mind.

A sudden damp, which is not rain,
Recalls you back to earth again,
You call the nurse with hasty frown,
She takes a clout and rubs you down.*

* We think our contributor had better leave off here.—Ed.

PICTURESQUE CRICKET.

A CRICKET MATCH which took place at Leigh last week must have been a very picturesque and amusing affair if the remarks made concerning it by the reporter of the *Leigh Chronicle* were in any way justified. The sides were eleven of the Leigh Cricket Club v. twenty-two "non-players." The report begins as follows: "The regulation that all the twenty-two should wear respectable silk hats was rigidly adhered to, and the most exacting connoisseur could not object to the appearance of those worn by Messrs. Battersby, Tildesley, Horrocks, and Furner. Beyond their marketable worth, their historical value must have been something considerable. Most of the players had supplemented their ordinary costume, and chintz coats of the 'Dolly Varden' design were freely worn, with others, which gave their wearers an appearance highly suggestive of 'nigger' minstrelsy, and favoured the impression that a banjo would have been as appropriate as a bat in their hands." The gentleman who penned this has evidently got the right instrument in his hands at any rate, for he wields it right comically. Here is another example: "After remaining together a short time, Holt was bowled by Coop for six, and J. W. Pennington took his place. His innings were but brief, Gregory, who was watchful at the wicket, stumping him while he was trying to 'establish the ball' in the next field. R. Greenough, jun., who rejoiced in a 'Dolly Varden' coat and a white hat of 'subdued dimensions,' joined McIntyre just in time to be on the scene, while the former made a splendid hit into the middle of the next field off Coop. The telegraph now registered 60, and Greenough, after a brilliant struggle, was caught by Harrison." The gentleman who is described on the score below as "st Gregory, b Hayes" cannot but feel consoled at having his misfortune described in such an eloquent manner, while the cricketer in

the subdued hat and fancy coat must be amply consoled for the failure of his "brilliant struggle" by the fact of its being recorded by so picturesque a scribe. Some more of the feats of the gallant twenty-two are thus recorded: "J. Shaw made a gallant stand against adverse circumstances, but the bowler failed to apprise him that the second ball was going to be a straight one, and the result was consequently rather disastrous. W. Unsworth was not successful in adding much lustre to his reputation, but the next man added a respectable 'Page' to his history. J. Partington, who exhibited all the elasticity of a constant practitioner, proved himself to be an admirable 'sportsman,' and Horrocks was the 'type' of a good player. The next player was not particularly 'fertile,' but Prestwich was 'the architect' of a very passable fortune, viewed in a favourable light. The 'tongue' of posterity will, no doubt, remember the achievement of the last player, who joined Stewart, and assisted to make the score 90 for the twenty-two. Stewart was not out." This match had an exciting finish, the eleven obtaining 93 to 90 got by their opponents. The reporter puts the climax on the whole description by the following remarks: "The loss of each man by the eleven was celebrated by the twenty-two with remarkable vivacity, a shower of hats was thrown up in the air, and before they were assumed again they were impartially kicked in various directions." What a pity that all cricket matches are not enlivened by equally amusing features, and that all reporters are not equally humorous! The writer singularly enough omits to make any reference to refreshments. He only says that a band was in attendance for dancing, but that a shower of rain interfered with these anticipations. When this annual match comes off next year may we be there to see!

PRINCE'S THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX is one of those plays of Mr. Byron's to which we referred a little time ago as not being destitute of merit. It was first produced a number of years ago, but is, as far as we know, unfamiliar to Manchester audiences. Its opening is remarkably good, the first act being natural and interesting, and the drop falling on a very good dramatic situation. The second act, however, is disappointing, and the third still more so. Instead of patiently building on the excellent foundation which he himself has laid, and at the same time bringing to bear on the work all his wit, humour, and dramatic knowledge, the author leaves the legitimate track altogether, and during the remainder of the performance the stage is occupied by a succession of scenes redolent of slang and thoroughly unwholesome, though occasionally funny. With regard to Mr. Byron's acting as Fitzaltamont (a blighted tragedian), it is deserving of high commendation, and is certainly beyond all comparison with any character acting which we have recently noticed. In his own walk as an actor Mr. Byron is unapproachable, and one almost forgets to consider the introduction of puns and word plays reprehensible, while listening to the clever way in which Fitzaltamont adopts them, and makes them as it were his own. In the hands of any other actor this part would, we imagine, fall excessively flat; but such criticisms as these are incidental to all bad work in connection with the modern drama, as dozens of examples might be found to show. The rest of the characters do not require any special notice. Messrs. Groves, E. Compton, and Julian Cross sustain their respective parts quite as well as they deserve to be sustained; and among the ladies, Miss Brennan deserves a word of praise. "The Prompter's Box" has been preceded this week by Boucicault's pretty one-act drama of "Kerry; or, Night and Morning." Mr. Charles Groves is not equal to the part of Kerry (the old servant), or at least he distinctly fails in the pathetic portions. A young lady named Miss Louisa G. Gourlay sustains the part of Kate. Miss Gourlay is apparently not without ability, but is totally inexperienced in stage business, skipping about and shrieking with an amateurish demonstrativeness which is excessively unpleasant. The two artists mentioned succeed, in fact, by their united efforts in reducing the drama to the level of a farce, in spite of the presence on the stage of Miss Brennan and Mr. E. Compton, whose performances are satisfactory enough by themselves.

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THE BISHOP'S DEAD-LETTER.

The Bishop of Manchester said he had written to a Mr. Reginald Read, C.E., who had assailed him in the *Courier*, but the letter had been returned through the dead-letter office.—See newspaper report.

SCENE.—The Bishop of Manchester's kitchen. Cook, Housemaid, and Butler assembled. The Bishop outside the kitchen-door with his ear to the keyhole.

Cook. Lawks a mussy, do you mean to say his lordship has been a-complaining again about the cold mutton going so fast?

Butler. He has, indeed; and what's more, he says he'll write to Captain Torrens about it.

Cook. Oh, drat Captain Torrens! Can't a poor policeman have a bit of cold mutton without his interfering? It's very shabby of the Bishop to be poking his nose into the larder at all.

Housemaid. So it is, Mary; but I always notices that he does it when he's got nothing else to talk about.

Butler. Or write about. Bless me, isn't that Smiles, the postman, looking in at the window?

Cook. Lawks a mussy, so it is; but don't he look in the dumps?

Housemaid. Why, Smiles, what's the matter? You look as if you'd been at your own funeral.

Smiles [putting his head in at the window]. Rather be at my own marriage, Jane, only you needn't blush so.

Butler. Well, what are you so melancholy about?

Smiles. Oh, I've got bad news—news from the dead-letter office,

Cook. Oh, lor! I knew it must be something about a funeral. His lordship hates to attend 'em 'cos he says he can't make a rattlin' speech at 'em.

Smiles. Ah, it's sadder news than that. I've got a letter to be returned to his lordship from the dead-letter office.

Cook. Oh, save us!

Butler. The dead-letter office!

The Bishop [sotto voce]. Never was so insulted before.

Smiles. Yes, party to whom Bishop sent it wouldn't take it in.

The Bishop [sotto voce]. Disgraceful! So it will not get printed, and that terrible *Courier* will have all the chaff on its own side.

Butler. But why wouldn't the party take it in?

Smiles. 'Cos he can't be found.

Cook. But didn't you see him?

Smiles [winking]. Of course, I did, cook.

Butler. Then why didn't he take it in?

Smiles. 'Cos the Bishop hadn't paid the postage for it; he never does.

The Bishop [opening kitchen-door]. Now, Mary, what have you got for dinner?

Tableau.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THE *Courier* has invented a magnificent word; it speaks of the "Bulgario-Gladstonian agitation of the autumn." Why not have called it the "autumno-Bulgario-Gladstonic-agitation"? We shall charge nothing for this hint to our ingenious contemporary. If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing neatly.

We have come to the conclusion that the reason that story appears so frequently in the Saturday editions of the evening papers must be that nobody ever had the courage to read it through. It is an excellent story. We have read bits of it at short intervals during the last twelve months, and we have nearly perused the whole of it now. There is a little patch in the middle of it which we have not got at yet. We reserve this for a tit-bit on its next appearance. It is always changing its name, and appeared last Saturday under the title of "The Professor's Victim." By an approximate calculation, founded on its past career of usefulness, this tale ought to reappear in about five weeks. We shall be on the look out, and no *alias* shall baffle us.

The stinging rebuke administered by one of the judges, on Wednesday, to counsel who permitted themselves in serious cases to indulge in levity, must have been intended especially for Mr. Addison, whose behaviour undoubtedly provoked it. It is by no means the first time

that Mr. Addison has deserved such a rebuke; nor, indeed, is he the only offender in this way whom we might mention. Fortunately the bad taste, vulgarity, and insolence displayed by one or two members of the bar are not, as a rule, deemed worthy of being reported, so that at least the public are not induced, from the "disgusting" vagaries of one or two black sheep, to draw inferences prejudicial to the whole profession. The adjective quoted is that used by Mr. Justice Denman.

Two utterances of the Bishop of Manchester claim some comment. One relates to the British Fleet in Besika Bay, the other to the confessional in the Church of England. The first is manly and outspoken, the second abject and temporising. Both of the situations alluded to are of course incongruous, but it is a pity that the Bishop's attention should be divided. His lordship is in no worse fix than the other bishops with reference to his rebellious clergy, but we do not find other bishops going about talking of things which do not concern them. If the bishops do not bestir themselves soon for the good of the laity of the Church of England, they will find that it is too late to bestir themselves for their own. Dr. Fraser says that he would sooner resign his bishopric than take any active steps. We can quite believe him. We are only writing of bishops in the abstract.

In asserting that it was not true that certain Dissenters of Madagascar had received pay from the State, we did not mean any discourtesy to Mr. Touchstone, but merely that his facts were wrong. We find, however, that we were in the wrong; Mr. Touchstone's facts, as he puts them, are correct. We also said, in the same connection, that the thing did not matter a straw as far as the Church and State controversy is concerned—nor does it.

It is the fate of the Colorado beetle to excite laughter in all persons who hear mention made of it. The luckless insect turned up last week at the Manchester quarter sessions, and caused considerable merriment. Mr. F. C. Hulton, deputy clerk of the peace, announced the receipt from the Home Office of a copy of a circular issued by the Privy Council, enclosing a report prepared by the Canada Chamber of Agriculture on the subject. Everybody present laughed heartily at this bit of news, one facetious gentleman inquiring if the animal "was on the wing," at which there was more laughter. Mr. Hulton next remarked that the report gave two engravings of the insect—one life size, and the other magnified. This provoked from the sedate Mr. Dickens the witticism of the day. "Put some salt on its tail," said he, and again was the table in a roar. The salt, of course, which was to be put on the animal's tail was Attie salt. Mr. Dickens omitted to mention this; but what the Dickens else could he mean?

An exceptionally bad case of garotte robbery came before Mr. Justice Denman at the assizes, on Tuesday. The man was excused from flogging on the ground that "it was the only case of the kind." Is this logic or law, or a mixture of both?

THE Indian import duties on cotton goods stand practically condemned by a vote of the House of Commons. How little susceptible of defense these duties are may be gathered from a perusal not only of Mr. Jacob Bright's eloquent speech, but of the whole debate, to which, by-the-by, Colonel Walker, in his maiden speech, gave a telling and acceptable contribution. The question was by no means discussed in a party sense, and was ultimately narrowed into the maintenance of a just balance between the interests of English trade and of the Indian treasury. Anxiety was expressed that neither of these should suffer at the expense of the other. As a matter of experience, however, any dilemmas of this kind are best solved by the bold application of free trade principles. At the same time, Lord G. Hamilton's amendment, though it reads somewhat timidly, may embody the best possible way of meeting the case.

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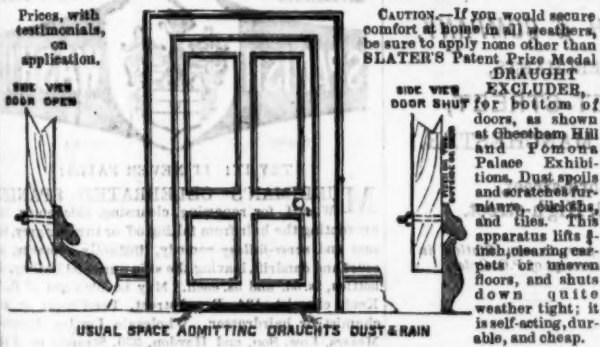
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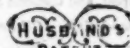
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